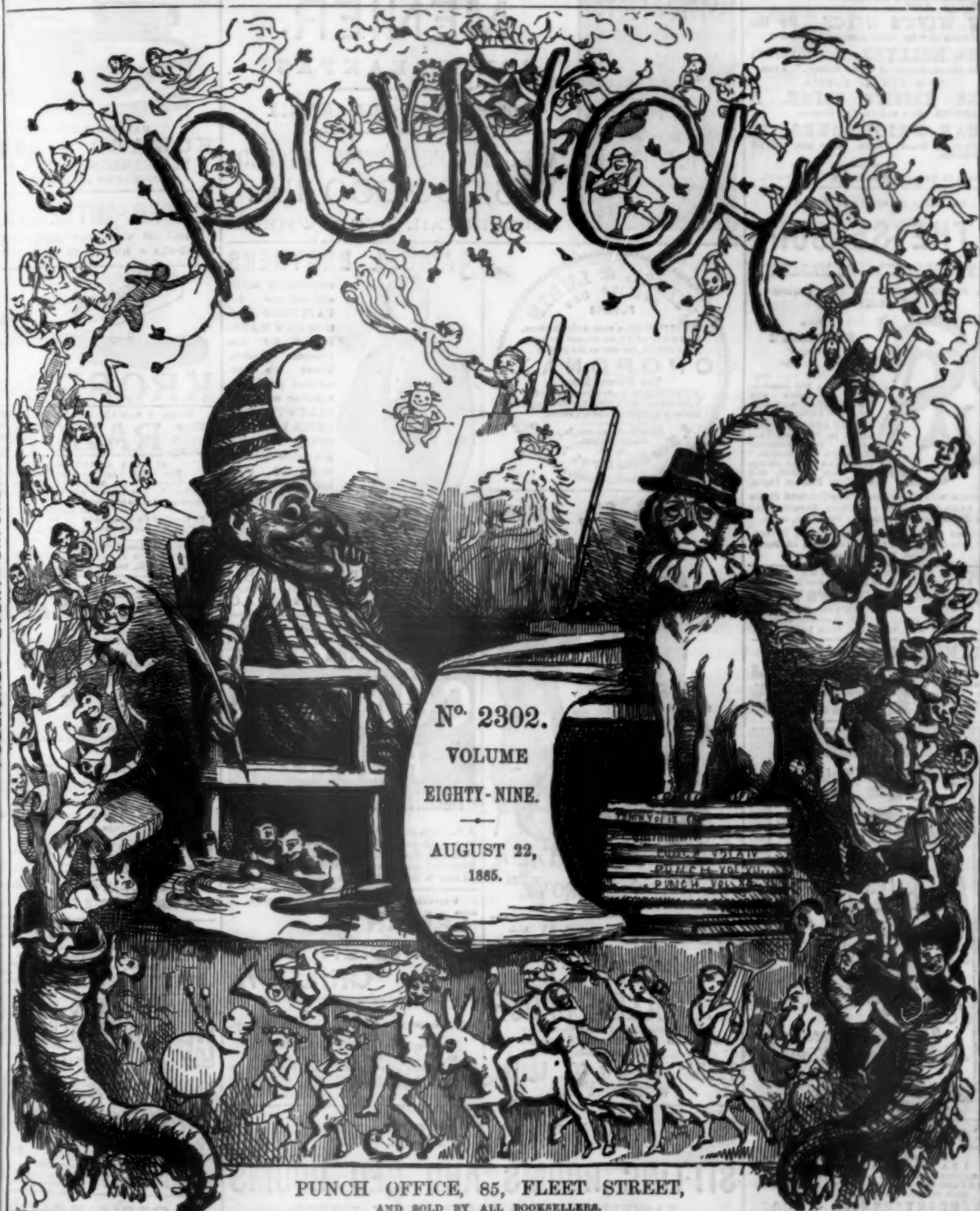


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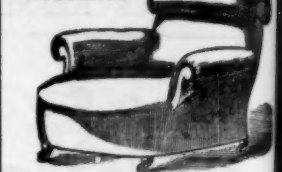
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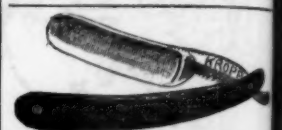
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WANTED.

Customer. "LAMP NOT INCLUDED IN THE PRICE! WHY, THE LAMP FORMS PART OF THE MACHINE IN THE PICTURE!"

Bicycle-Maker. "YES, SIR; BUT A LADY IS ALSO INCLUDED IN THE PICTURE, AND WE DON'T GIVE ONE WITH THE MACHINE!"

DEPRESSION.

THERE was a little Earl, and he had a little gun,
And some paper bullets looking much like lead—lead—lead,
And he said, "I know a rig that shall dish each little Whig,
And strike each noisy Rad upon the head—head—head."

And this funny little Earl had a funny little bag,
Which he labelled "Commission upon Trade—Trade—Trade;"
And he said, "I'll pop away, and the people all will say,
Why what a wondrous Bag he has made—made—made!"

And he popped and popped and popped; but the birds in cover stopped,

That is, except the young ones, who went cheep—cheep—cheep!
But the old ones—which seemed strange—kept most slyly out of range,

And at the puzzled sportsman took a peep—peep—peep!

Then that funny little Earl, he tried every little dodge,
He sprinkled chaff, he took a pinch of salt—salt—salt,
Yet the sly old birds—how queer!—were not tempted to come near,
But at respectful distance made a halt—halt—halt.

Then that funny little Earl was exceedingly depressed;
But they who saw the spectacle did laugh—laugh—laugh;
For the little Earl forgot paper pellets are not shot,
And old birds cannot be caught with salt or chaff—chaff—chaff.

NUGEE AND OLD HOBBY.

LAST Saturday the Rev. Mr. NUGEE crowned a *Rosière* at Walworth. 'ARRY heard of it, and was disgusted. "What's rosey 'air?" he asked. "Why not call her 'carrots' at once?" By the way, has Mr. NUGEE ever been interviewed? If anyone ought to be trotted out, it is a New Gee.

BEER!

(After Calverley, by Churchill.)

"We defeated the late Government in an attempt to place a heavy tax on Beer; and I hold that great national drink, which sustains the powers, and reinvigorates, in times of exhaustion, our labouring population, is quite as much the food of the people as the bread which the Radicals accuse the Tory Party of wishing to tax."—Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL at *Wimborne*.

So, to proceed! To tax the people's Malt
Has always struck me as extremely curious.
The Rad mind has a vile and vital fault,
It's passion for the people is but spurious.
Love you, yet tax your liquor! An assault
Upon your pleasures that must make you furious!
Increase the price of Beer? The mere suggestion
Brings British Liberty at once in question.

Believe me, they are scoundrels in a body,
Who'd lay so vile an impost your poor backs on;
They do not touch the wine of Lord TOM NODDY,
But your "Four-half" would lay a heavy tax on.
Not Claret, or Champagne, or Whisky-toddy,
No, but the favourite swizzle of the Saxon,
That blessed boon that all your woes can scatter,
And make you happier, wiser, stronger, fatter!

Does not the lone and labouring soul find Heaven,
It's only Heaven, in a pewter pot?
And shall that paradise from you be riven?
No by great KING GAMBRINUS it shall not.
Our legislative grandmothers are given
To back up WILFRID LAWSON's washy rot;
Fanaticism their cold breasts has cankered,
Thralls of the Tank who'd rob you of the Tankard.

Beer is the People's Food; (That's cogent, very.)
Awake ye, Rustics; Londoners, awake!
They'd make the Chinese herb, the Turkish berry
Your only drink; because you cannot take,
Like the rich Radicals, to Port or Sherry.
Arise! Joe's bitter bondage from you shake.
Take the true Tory—that is Me!—for Tutor,
And find your true Palladium—the Pewter!

BOTANY FOR BEGINNERS.—A (1) Member of the Umbelliferous Order: Mr. GLADSTONE.

"AND 'IS OLD DOUBLE DEAD?"

CERTAINLY, as any door-nail. Mr. JOSEPH HATTON has killed him in *John Needham's Double*, which we highly recommend. The "Shilling Dreadful" has beaten the old-fashioned three-volume novel out of the field of sensational literature. There is no room for tall writing, or mere padding, when a real good story has to be told in two hundred small pages of print large enough to defy twilight and railway-carriage lamps. This, to a traveller who can read in a train is a very great thing, specially if the novel itself is one calculated to keep him awake for a couple of hours on the stretch. *John Needham's Double* achieves the feat. It begins with a slow movement, gradually it increases in intensity and the reader cannot turn over the pages quick enough to satisfy his curiosity. Whether there was any necessity for the author to bring in JOHN SADLER's story, and to found his novel upon it, is what we are unable to decide, though the plan certainly gives such an air of reality to the romance, that you feel you are reading the true solution of the mystery of JOHN SADLER's supposed suicide told under fictitious names. The title, *John Needham's Double*, does not sound sensational, being suggestive of a story about Whist, with which, however, it has nothing on earth to do. The climax, given with true dramatic energy, brings down the curtain on a very strong situation. With a very little working up, for there is a "love interest" ready to hand, it ought to be turned into a strong sensation drama, which, should the acting and dialogue be equal to the construction, might keep a theatre going for a year. We compliment Mr. JOSEPHUS Junior on the *Double*, hope he'll make it a treble and the rub, and so we take our hat off to Mr. HATTON.

FROM A THEATRICAL MANAGER'S POINT OF VIEW.—"Necessity the Mother of Invention"? My dear Sir, it's nothing of the sort. Invention is the Mother of Necessity—at any rate, as far as we are concerned."

"I DON'T CARE A RAP!"

Sung by the Funny Little RANDOLPH, the Star Comique, at the Grand Fête, Canford Manor, Wimborne.



Oh ain't I a chap? Why, I don't care a rap
For consistency, justice, or sense;
I go in for bunkum, and bounce, and clap-trap;
The effect of it's truly immense!
When out on the stump I belabour and thump,
And scatter unlimited dirt.
Cold reason may suit your pragmatism pump,
But give me the demagogue squirt!
The critics may chide, and my Party
Rebel at my ranting play;
I don't care a rap for such people;
But what will the Governor say?

Lord SALISBURY doubtless my game has an eye on,
I put the old bloke in a fidget;
But now I'm the Monster Comique, the great Lion,
Who late was a nondescript Midget.
They can't put me down since I've taken the Town,
My performance is now all the rage.
The fogies may fret and the big-wigs may frown,
But I'm the Great Star of the Stage.
The papers may slate, and my rivals
Pitch into my style day by day;
I don't care a rap for such people;
But what will the Governor say?

It's rare fun, by Jingo! I
Give 'em hot stings,
That's just what the public
Enjoy;
They don't want your high-
polite rational lingo,
And Sweetness and Light'll
Soon eloy.
Not logical riddles, but smart
Taradiddles,
They like, and almost under-
stand;
That's why with the Mob I'm
The first of First Fiddles,
And lead the Conservative
Band!
True patriots may sigh,
And sage thinkers
Make moan at my mounte-
bank play;
I don't care a rap for such
people;
But what will the Go-
vernor say?

It's nice, if it's naughty!
I'm regular rorty,
And if the Mob should feel a
doubt,
They say, "He's so young!"
—though I'm handy on
forty—
And scruples are put to the
rout.
And so I can slang, tumble,
trick, sing slap-bang,
And play up high larks with
the truth;
A coo may bid facts and good
manners go hang
If he only has smartness and
youth.
Grave Statesmen may
mourn at my cantrips,
Plain cits in hot shame
turn away.
I don't care a rap for such
people;
But what will the Go-
vernor say?

Yah! Booh! I can juggle,
grimace, and sling muck;
And what if the critics should
chide?
Rain runs not so fast off the
back of a duck
As honest reproach from my
hide.
A fig for the Papers! I'll
still cut my capers,
And slangy young Scorchers
like me
Of Britain's fair future are
bound to be shapers,
A prospect to fill you with
glee!
Houp-là! Here be "nuts"
for Aunt "Sally"!
Old Tories distrust my
new way;
I don't care a rap for such
people;
But what will the Go-
vernor say?

MINISTERIAL MATHEMATICS.

It is whispered that, in
order if possible to conciliate
the Parnellite Ring, one of the
principal difficulties of which
the Government propose to
attempt the solution during
the Recess, will be the pro-
blem:—How to square the
Irish Circle.

ROBERT ON THE RIVER.

HAVING found dear old Streetley such a reglar pairidice of a place last year, I natrally sort its cool seekwestwed stream for annother weak's rapahur this here year. Not as I ackshally went down there on speck. Noing how full it ginerally is, I rites down to a old frend of mine at the "Bull," to no if there was room for us, and his anser was, "No, ROBERT, not for noboddy, for wen a littel Baby was born last week, Docter said as he didn't no where they coud put it, the place was so full, and as bad luck wood have it, it was Twins!"

Howsomever, I mussent complain, for, as BROWN trowly says, a man shoold see as much of the world as possesbel, it enlarges his high dears and rubs off his little prejewdishes, so faling dear old Streetley we've got to gentlemanly Marlow—Great Marlow, please, not little Marlow—and a Hed Waiter as ain't pleased with Marlow must be as ard to please as we find many a gent is as gets a grand dinner without paying nothink for it, and yet grumbels and growls at everythink.

Marlow seems to have got everythink as any reesonabel olliday maker can want to make him appy. It's got a Bridge, and a Church, and a Tea gardens, and a Abby, and a Shop where you can buy a Bottel of Wine for 1s. 3d.—witch altho it doesn't suit me may posserbly suit others, there's no telling wot sum peepel won't drink if you give it a forren name and say as the QUEEN often haves it—and a Lock, where the Tems Conservatifs only charges you 3d. for a return ticket, that's cheap enuff I spooses, and a Wear, that ain't of much use now, coz it's Dangerous, but I dessay it was wunce—and ewen wears must wear out sum day or they woodn't be called such names—and glorious Woods right up to the werry tops of the mountanes, where, one of the jolly yung watermen told me, as they grows most of the timber for the British Navey, witch I can esily beleeve as I seed many trees amost as big round as I ham. He says it's coz they grows so preshus slow as makes the Second Lord of the Hadmiralty so long a bilding the Ion Clada, and the reason why they don't grow quicker is coz the soil is all Marl oh! but I don't somhow phansy as my young frend is strickly trewthful. Boatmen is like Marines, they is much more partiekler in wot's told to them than in wot they tells to hothera. Then we has lots of lovely Swons, as gracefull as dubble skull yung ladya, but I ain't yet seen none of them with 2 necks, so praps they all keeps lower down at Bolter's Lock, witch wood seem to be the nat'ral place for 'em. My yung frend told me as there is a mith, I think he called it, tho' I think I shoold call it even a shorter name, that formerly, wen the monks at Bisham, close by, killed some swans, they sent a cupple of 'em to a Lord of the Manner about 4 miles off, to Cook'em! but of coarse he didn't know as he was a torking to a Hed Waiter; much a Lord wood know about cooking Swans! He also had the imperance to say that, if I wanted a change nex year, he thort that Bray, or Monkey Iland, wood jest about suit me. No more of my munney does that jewvenile waterman git out of me, so he'll find his chari rayther a xpensif article.

We've got butifl rooms in the Hi Street, but we ain't got no number to our ouse yet. They begun numbring of 'em some time ago. They begun at No. 5 on both sides of the way and went on to No. 18, wen they stopt, but is xpected to go on agin soon. The hole place is so scrowded that



REBATEMENT.

Old Lady (a little hard of hearing). "EIGHTEEN SHILLINGS! IT'S MONSTROUS! I KNOW THE VALUE OF THESE ARTICLES, AND NEVER PAID MORE THAN SEVENTEEN—"

Shopman (shouting). "I SAID EIGHT SHILLINGS, MA'AM—NOT EIGHTEEN."

Old Lady. "OH—EIGHT SHILLINGS—FOR THESE! I COULDN'T THINK OF GIVING MORE THAN SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE!"

they turns their kitchings into dining-rooms, and our one bed-room goes up staires and then down staires, and has a jolly little winder in the alopin roof thats quite emusing, but theyre a goin to build 6 more nex year, in the back garding.

We has one blessing at any rate, we ain't got not no Wapees, such as so teased our werry lives out at Streetley larst year, and yet I ain't quite appy, for their plaice is taken by swarms of flys. Not the poor armless flys as we gits in London, as is satisfied with having a swim in the milk, and then committin suecide in the butter or the treecal. O no, but a nasty buzzing stingin fly as is allus a flying in your face and stiekin on it and biting like a muskeeter as I've herd on in various parts. I wonders what use they is. BROWN says as theyre ment to try your temper. If so, I'msure they've tried mine enuff and can send in their report at wunce and dun with it. We're werry lucky again as regards music. We has no less than four pianys in the ouse, and wen 2 or 3 on 'em is a goin at wunce it's really werry emusin to try and make out the Toon.

Wun thing surprises me a good deal. I did think from what I had herd that this wasn't a



CAUTION.

Hansom Cab Driver (to Fare, who has admired the Horse). "YES, SIR, 'E IS A BEAUTY! YOU SEE MY WIFE'S BROTHER IS COACHMAN TO LORD SPLASHBORD. MY LORD'S OUT O' TOWN. SO I PAYS A SMALL CONSIDERATION, AN' TAKES HIS STABLE IN TURN!"

[Lord Splashbord was the Fare!!]

werry strict place as regards Sunday. But how much I were deceived. Why they're so werry partickler, that nobody aint allowed to go and sit in a garden by the side of the River on that day, as they are on every other, becuz it's Sunday. To be sure you can go to another wun across the way, but then you're expected to drink sumthink for the good of the ouse, and werry good their hold Ale is too. The pore Boatmen and the pore Towing Men don't find it mutch of a day of rest. I met wun of the latter a coming ome last Sunday, jolly hot and tired, but as merry as a grassopper. He told me he had had the best day's work he ever had. A sporting gent engaged him to tow him up the river, a matter of 12 miles, for eight shillings, and jest wen he was about a mile from the place he was a goin to, he asked him if he thort he coud race a row-boat that was aside of them, and he said yes he thort he coud, and he said if you beat him I'll give you a suverin, and he beat him by 6 lengths and he gave him 30/- witch he was a going to take ome to his wife and fammerly after having evidently drunk the sporting Gent's heilth more than wunoe. Wot a Sunday Tail! How butiful it armonizes with the shut up garden. But we is a rum set of people in some respecs. We stranes at lots of Nats—witch I don't at all wunder at, as they carnt be werry nice things to swaller—and we swallers things as is as near a approach to Cammels as pore humane natur will allow of.

ROBERT.

SHAKESPEARIAN.—Motto for the Badminton Series on Sport.—
"Please it your grace to be advertised." *Henry VI.*, Second Part, Act IV., sc. 9.

LONDON, under the President of the Board of Works, may be recorded hereafter as "*Consule Plunket*." [Only an *Ædile*, but no matter.]

LAWN-Tennis and all similar games owe their existence to the ancient *jeu de paume*, which was played in the palmy days of Tennis.

SAFETY ON THE SEA-SHORE.

VOLUNTEER Coast Defence Association! Capital idea!

"BRITANNIA needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,"

sang the patriot Poet. But times have altered, and local camps of Naval Artillery at the important points along our sea-coast, where Volunteers are instructed in submarine mining and torpedo practice, as well as drill, gunnery, and rifle exercise, will be "bulwarks" that may come in handy one of these days. There has been talk of the enemy, in time of war, shelling our sea-ports and watering-places. It is not this particular sort of "shells" that the myriad migrants to the sea-side at this season desire to "gather from day to day." Let these myriads only think how unpleasant it would be to have an enemy in the offing, with the exact range of the esplanade and the bathing-machines, and nobody near to divert their attention with a few tentative torpedoes, and *Mr. Punch* is confident they will be ready with their sympathy, and, if need be, something more substantial, for the Volunteer Coast Defence Association.

NEW FORM OF ADVERTISEMENT.—Visitors to the Inventories are now tattoo'd every evening till further notice. At an early hour the tattoo is only on one spot, but, before half-past ten, the order of the night is, "Tattoo all over!" This latest addition to the Inventions is entirely due to the fertile brain of Mr. SOMERS VINCE, in whose honour the grateful Directors are thinking of re-naming this part of Kensington "Somers' Town." If the fact of your having been to the Inventories is doubted, you have now only to bare your left arm—where the traditional strawberry mark is preserved—and exhibit the tattoo of the Inventories. The gates will be thrown open, "Pass Tattoo and all's well," and you can enjoy yourself till, instead of tattoo, you say "Ta-ta!" and go home.

A HINT FOR HIPPOPHAGISTS.—Mares'-tail Soup.

BRADSHAW'S FUN.



'Tis many years since, in the Handy-volume Series, was published after its appearance in *M. Punch's* collection, *The Guide to Bradshaw* with its specimen pages. *Bradshaw's Guide* has grown stouter and of course older, but otherwise he is unchanged, and for real wit, humour, and genuine practical joking, it still remains without, as far as we can ascertain, a rival worthy of consideration. Unchanged, yes, in character, but there is in the Time-tables such a development of racy fun, that shows how our Guide, Philosopher, and Friend takes life, how he enjoys it, and how anxious he is that others should enjoy it too. All that was true when our *Guide to Bradshaw* first appeared is equally true now, only, perhaps, that in some instances the humour is less subtle, and its effect more immediately apparent.

The notion of *Bradshaw's Guide* advertising himself on his own cover as "Officially every month," and announcing that his Time-tables are from the official Time-tables of all the Railways throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, is specially humorous when taken in conjunction with the fact that all the Railways in Great Britain do not acknowledge *Bradshaw's Guide* as in any way their Official Representative. The Directors, may, if they like, bind *Bradshaw's Guide* and keep the volumes on their shelves, but they themselves refuse to be bound by *Bradshaw*.

Bradshaw,—no matter who the proprietors may be,—there must always be an ideal *Bradshaw* who is the moving spirit, the Puck, of the whole affair,—*Bradshaw*, then, must have chuckled immensely to himself when he announced on the outside of the *Guide*, in small capitals, that these Official Tables were "SPECIALLY ARRANGED" for himself and his readers.

"Specially arranged" trains they indeed are, if unofficial, and unrecognised by Railway Authority in spite of what *Bradshaw* may say. What is to prevent *Bradshaw* and his staff of Compilers—all practical jokers, representing *Joe Miller and his Men*—from just making any Time-tables they like, trusting to their imagination for the facts?—and what is to stop them from not only specially, but fancifully arranging the trains on a Go-as-you-please sort of plan, names of places, routes, and time being no object, but simply putting them all together for the mere fun of the thing, and out of pure "divilment, bedad!"?

Once more we give an ideal *Joe Miller Bradshaw Time-Table*, in which trains are specially arranged to run on the above-mentioned

lines, everything being specially arranged, nothing guaranteed, and pick and choose where you like:—

SCARBOROUGH, HEREFORD, EXETER, RICHMOND, BEAUMARIS, DOVER, NORWICH, CAMBRIDGE, EDINBURGH, DAWLISH, &c.

| | | aft. | aft. | morn. | morn. | Strict | | |
|---|-----------------------------|---------------------|--------------|-------|-------|------------------------------|-------|-------------------------------|
| | | 8 20 | 10 8 | 7 3 | Fast. | Fast. | aft. | |
| 125 | London, Euston | | | | | | | Wednesdays only. |
| 160 | Bamborough | 11 0 | 6 35 | 11 49 | .. | 8 16 | | |
| 250 | Victoria, L. C. & D. (dep.) | 7 5 | .. | .. | .. | Stop. | | |
| See 170 | and 171 Clapham Junction | 6 0 | .. | .. | .. | Parliamentary Car to London. | | |
| Loop Line. (For other Trains, see Margate.) | | | | | | | | |
| | Ash Green | morn. | | morn. | | | | |
| | Ash White | .. | | .. | | | | |
| | Brompton .. | 3 7 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 10 12 | |
| | Waterloo .. | 11 0 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 9 15 | 12 10 |
| | Brighton .. | 3 50 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 12 50 | 6 15 |
| | 270 Edinburgh .. | 5 33 | .. | .. | .. | .. | 7 10 | 8 45 |
| | 494 Newcastle .. | 7 17 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| | Southampton | 6 2 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Cornhill, Bouyerie, & Bedford St. Line. | | | | | | | | |
| | Bogie | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. | Get out, if you're not quick. |
| | Bentley | .. | 1 22 | .. | .. | .. | .. | Stop. |
| | Chapman & Hall .. | .. | Stop!! | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| | Bradbury & Agnew .. | .. | 7 0 | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| | Smith & Elder .. | .. | Once a Month | .. | .. | .. | .. | .. |
| Fares. | | | | | | | | |
| 1 cl. | 2 cl. | | | | | | | |
| 0 3 | 10 0 | Sheepbridge | 10 36 | | | | | |
| 3 6 | 6 3 | Half-Past-Tenby .. | 10 by 6 | | | | | |
| 50 7 | 0 5 | Birmingham | 10 0 | | | | | |
| 0 8½ | 3 9 | York .. (See p. 50) | 8 13 | | | | | |
| 10 0 | 100 6 | Beverley | 8 13 | | | | | |
| 10 6 | 2 6 | Harris | 8 13 | | | | | |

The above will serve as a suggestion for the next issue of *Bradshaw*, just to keep the fun going in the Tourist Season. *Vive la Joie! Vive Bradshaw! Hooray for Hanwell!*



HOLIDAY TIME.

TRIUMPHAL TRAIN-CAR, DRAWN BY OVER-WORKED SLAVES.



ALTRUISM.

Affable Stranger. "AND ARE YOU THE ONLY ONE?"

Small Boy. "OH, NO! THERE'S PAPA AND MAMMA, YOU KNOW!"

WAITING A WAR-CRY;

OR, WHAT WILL HE SAY NEXT?

WHAT will he say? A wise old bird and wary,
With manifold mimetic power of throat,
The Gamecock's crow, the trill of the Canary,
The Eagle's war-shriek and the Cuckoo's note,
All come alike and easy to his throat,
To whom the Mocking Bird and Whistling Crow
Are as an Oxford don to ARISTOTLE.
What will he say? The bird-world waits to know.

All Nephelo-Coccygia's in a flurry,
There is a ceaseless whirr of worrying wings,
As when a grouse-brood, scuttling hurry-scurry,
Scuds through the rustling heather, or upsprings
The plump pheasant 'midst the yellowing bracken,
Cackle and clapperclaw go on all round,
Nor will beaks rest or similes shindy slacken
Until the Bird-King's fugal-flutings sound.

Epops is silent! Kites and Crows are scuffling,
The Jackdaw chatters, and the Raven croaks;
Pigeons and Doves their blameless plumes are ruffling,
And interchanging ineffective strokes.
The Wanton Woodcock and the Daring Duckling
Wage noisy war. But Epops silent sits.
What is he doing? O'er the conflict chuckling,
Or, like the Laureate's owl, "warming his wits?"

Of what, they wonder, is the Old Bird thinking,
Sitting in solemn silence on his perch.
Means he to lead them on and fight "like winking,"
Or out the fray and leave them in the lurch?
They want a Cry! He who has raised so many,
Will he shout forth one more, with victory fraught?
They'd give much more than the proverbial penny,
That plumed host, to read the Old Bird's thought.

The Jackdaw prates. Who cares for Tharrelides?
The Raven croaks—unto the *Times*—who notes?

The *quid nunc* Magpies scandalise—*quid rides*?
Mother Gamp's goose-flock strain their outstretched throats
In ominous and awe-awaking hissing;
All Cuckoo-Cloudland is astir with fuss;
But from the chorus one clear note is missing.
Why sits the Oracle in silence thus?

Is he excoigitating something novel?
A war-cry that shall rally, rouse, affright,
At which the opposing hosts shall pale and grovel,
When Cuckoo-Land goes rushing to the fight?
Whilst he is dumb the world of beaks and feathers
With veering winds and voices vain is vex:
His Cry has led it in all ways and weathers.
Now they need rallying. What will he say next?

Raisinaible Warning.

"AN OLD FRUIT-IMPORTER" writes to the *Times* with respect to Valencia Raisins. He says:—"I know of nothing more likely than sun-dried raisins to have the microbes of cholera superinduced upon them, and thus import this dire disease." The fruit of Valencia will probably, after this revelation, have no *raison d'être* at the British Grocer's. But how about the Spanish Onion? How about Spanish Liquorice? It would be satisfactory to know what is and what is not microbaceous.

A CRYING SHAME.—The Manchester City Council have decided that newspapers shall not be hawked about by shouting vendors in the pleasant place in which they reside on Sunday. So for the future the Sabbath in those parts will be "Scotcher" than ever. Travellers are warned, therefore, that if they expect to post themselves up in the daily news in Manchester between Saturday and Monday, they will be trusting to a broken read.

CESAR AND COMMERCE.—Why do Free-Traders refuse to join the Trade Commission? Free Trade, like CESAR's wife, must not even be suspected.



“WHAT’S HIS NEXT ‘CRY’?”



SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Boatman securing a lively-hood.



A Sail over the Bay.

A MANIFEST CORRECTION.

SIR,—In last week's Number I saw your clever Artist's satirical, political, adaptation of Mr. HARDING COX's well known picture, *The Tug of War*, and it struck me, as it must have struck you, as an old Oppidan, that just now the true reading, from an Etonian point of view, would be



"The 'Tug' of Warre."

which will be intelligible to everyone who has been brought up in the cool cloisters of "Henry's holy shade."

Yours, with my classic motto,
DUM CRAMBO CRAMBO!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

House of Lords, Monday Night, August 10th.—MILLTOWN coming rapidly to the front. DENMAN growing jealous; threatens to be urged on to fresh endeavours to keep himself in view. Haven't forgotten how the other day MILLTOWN drove GRANVILLE nearly mad by assuming charge of Medical Relief Bill. Now discovers fresh Irish grievance. In State papers it appears this realm is alluded to as Great Britain. Should be "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." This, it seems, is the secret sorrow that consumes Ireland and keeps it in constant revolt. Bad harvests a mere trifle; coercion a fleabite; grand jury laws a joy; and the day's absence from duty without leave of a rural postman, to which JOSEPH GILLIS called attention the other day, is not worth mentioning. The root of Ireland's grief is this ignoring of her name in State papers.

Markiss much moved at the discovery. Glad to do anything to meet the case. Would the Education Department supply him with substantives and adjectives suitable for the expression of his noble friend's ideas? Or would his noble friend aid the Government in this great enterprise by his linguistic and grammatical acquirements? MILLTOWN, much pleased at this frank reception of his ideas, said he would think it over.

After this seems waste of time for Commons to go on with Land Purchase Bill, originally designed for amelioration of condition of Ireland. If MILLTOWN's suggestion be carried out, this and much else superfluous. Nevertheless Irish Land Purchase Bill proceeded with—in truth sat up all night with. TIM HEALY back after too long absence. Quite a changed man. Really affecting in his deference to BEACH, his patronage of HAERT-DYKE, and his politeness towards his "Hon. and learned friend" the Attorney-General for Ireland. Late Attorney-General for Ireland hearing TIM's honeyed phrases addressed to HAERT-DYKE lays his forefinger on side of his nose and ejaculates "Walker!" TREVELYAN looks on grimly, and CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN prophesies that the truce won't last into next Session. In the meantime it's very pleasant by comparison with what used to be. *Business done.*—Housing of Working Classes Bill read Second Time. Irish Land Purchase Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—House gradually reaching stage at which final disappearance imminent. Not enough Members to form quorum when SPEAKER arrived to take Chair. Must be forty Members present, or British Constitution go to the dogs. SPEAKER cast eagle eye around empty benches. "One—two—three—" he began to count, and got on admirably up to sixteen. Then, with a sweep of his cocked-hat in the direction of Strangers' Gallery, beginning to fill, he touched himself on the breast, and, in a voice that defied contradiction, said, "Forty!"

WARTON jumped up, but remembering who was responsible for conduct of business, sharply sat down again, took a pinch of snuff, and occupied himself with the Orders. TIM HEALY took short measures with JOSEPH GILLIS. Before my friend could quite grasp the situation, TIM had him by the elbow, and led him forth.

"But—but—" JOEY B. stuttered, "there ain't forty there!"

"No," said TIM, severely. "But there soon will be."

"That's all very well," said JOSEPH, whose keen mental eye had pierced the solecism; "and so are your hobnobblings with RANDOLPH, your meetings behind the Chair, and your confabulations on the Terrace. But if it means that I am to miss an opportunity of Counting Out the House at Four o'Clock, it won't do, TIM HEALY. Never had such a chance before; all these years I've waited for it. Fancy how riled the Government would be losing a day just now, upsetting everybody's plans, and putting off Prorogation. Might be standing now in corner of Palace Yard watching Members hurry down, and see their faces when they find the House is up. Treaties and that sort of thing all very well; but I'll have my rights!"

Never saw JOEY B. so angry. Business, once started, went on steadily enough. A lot of Members who came down yesterday with speeches on Second Reading of Housing of Working Classes Bill, and then bowled out, now produced their manuscript, and had good time of it. Didn't much matter; nobody listened. They might as well talk on this subject as any other to fill up time. Once, towards Eleven o'Clock, BURKE came in, stood for a moment at the Bar, looked round, and quickly disappeared. Imposing spectacle whilst he remained, his pocket-handkerchief hanging dangerously far out of his breast-pocket, and his hair wonderfully and fearfully built up.

"BURKE and HARR," EDWARD CLARKE whispered to CHARLES RUSSELL, his professional mind running on criminal cases. *Business done.*—Nearly all.

Wednesday.—In both Houses Votes of Thanks moved to the Soldiers and Sailors who fought in the Soudan. Attendance necessarily small; but proceedings most hearty.

"The campaign," said HARTINGTON, "has proved that the ancient courage of our soldiers and sailors has in no degree deteriorated. It has proved that the intelligence, the resources, and the knowledge of their profession, alike of officers and men, have considerably increased. It has proved, also, how wide and varied are the military resources of the British Crown, and that for the purposes of war, as well as for the purposes of peace, the British Empire is not only a name, but a reality."

So say all of us, with one cheer more, and a thought of proud regret for those whose ears are stopped to praise or blame, and who lie, some in nameless graves, in the wastes of the sad Soudan.

Never saw a man in such distress as BRYCE. Found him in quiet corner of library this afternoon, with eyes red, weeping and sobbing still.

"Come, come," I said. "Cheer up. Can't have you exhorting in the library of the House of Commons. If you want to weep, you must hire a room somewhere, paying rent in advance. Besides, what's the matter with you? You're not crying, I suppose, because this Parliament is coming to an end? What is it?"

"The Infant Bill," he sobbed.

"The Infant BILL? What's the matter with him? Is he dead? Has he got the group, or the chicken-pox? Is he teething, measles, fever, or whooping-coughing? I sympathise with you as a young father. But really, you know, you mustn't bring your private griefs here. Come into the House now, to hear SEXTON. This is his last chance, and he's making the most of it. Three speeches already, and evidently good for another half dozen."

Turned out there was a mistake somewhere. The Infant BILL is not a young BRYCE in extremis, but the measure with which, last week, the House was sitting up till Four o'Clock in the morning. It seems OSNLOW has been playing wicked uncle with legislative fledgling. Last night, BRYCE being momentarily out of the

House when the Bill was called on, ONSLOW took an opportunity of smothering the babe; got further progress deferred till day of prorogation, which is equivalent to throwing it out. Hence these tears of BRYCE. ONSLOW judiciously keeps out of sight.

Business done.—Final preparation for prorogation.



Bourke and Hair.

ling of adjectives. Reads lecture to GOURLEY and then answers question.

Deathless Infant Bill turns up again, and wants to get into Committee. Observing that he was a father himself, FIRTH asked whether anything could be done for the Infant.

"No," said the SPEAKER. "It might go further, and fare worse. Let it stop where it is. Have Black Rod in a minute." Black Rod

came in to time, bowing himself up the House, and, inviting Members to go and hear Commission read, bows himself out backward.

"I suppose," RANDOLPH whispered, looking yearningly towards the dignitary, "there would be a great row in the newspapers if I were to run round, lie down on the floor in the path of Black Rod as he steps back, and see what would happen?"

"Well, yes," said BRACH. "Capital idea. But not sure how it would be taken. Better wait till next year, when you won't be in office, and can do what you like."

Really funny in the Lords. Five figures dressed in red gowns and crowned with cocked-hats, packed in row before the table. Thought

I knew that broad visage in the middle, with three-cornered hat cocked humorously over the right ear. Just going up to him, meaning to give him a whack on the shoulder, and call "Hulloa, JOHNNIE!" in his ear, when he moved his head. Good gracious!

It wasn't TOOLE at all, but GIFFARD, Lord Chancellor. Well, he's just like what JOHNNIE would be under same circumstances.

DISRAELI simply delicious—not, of course, BENJAMIN, but his brother, who holds honourable position in House as Clerk. His business to communicate the Royal assent—and this is how it's done: D. stands at one side of the table, and another Clerk, whom we'll call C., stands on the other side. C. takes up a Bill, and bows to the five cloaked figures on the wool-sack. D. does the same. C. calls out name of Bill, and bows again. D. bows, and then, half turning his head towards the *canaille* at the Bar, literally chucks at them the words, "*La reyne le veult.*" Very shocking thing for gentlemen who daily breathe air of House of Lords to have to notice SPEAKER and the Commons. But must be done, and D. does it with more eloquence than his brother ever showed. He begins in wearied, vexed tone. As the list of Bills proceeds—and to everyone he must needs chant "*La reyne le veult*"—his voice deepens in melancholy, and his manner in depression. He hardly turns his head at all at last, and I believe if there'd been another Bill to-day he would have died.

Members troop back to their own chamber. The SPEAKER making believe that nobody's been to the Lords but himself, reads out the Speech all had heard and then—"good bye!" Members form a queue, and, filing before the SPEAKER, shake hands and pass away, some of them never to return.

"But you'll come back with the snowdrops, TOBY, old man," said RANDOLPH, pressing my paw. "Barks knows when it has a good Member, and is not inclined to change. You'll find GLADSTONE and me here, too. He came to me before he set out Norwaying, and grasping my hand, said, 'I don't say good bye, my Lord, but *au revoir*.'"

Business done.—All.



A COLLARABLE IMITATION.

"So sorry you've lost your Voice!"



DEPARTING SHADOWS

LOG OF THE "SUNBEAM."

HERE I am at Greenhithe. Feel like "hardy Norseman" whose "house of yore was on the foaming wave." ANDREW CLARK says I am "an 'oarse man, without my voice." He means it well, as a joke, I think. Small crowd assembled to see me off. Humorous local Radical wishes me "sure profit and quick return" from voyage. Want to make short speech—ANDREW CLARK (why is he here?) tells crowd that I've "entirely lost the use of my voice." ANDREW takes me by arm, and hustles me into boat.

On "Sunbeam."—Nice, but small. Wonder if I shall feel more sea-sick than on *Pembroke Castle*. ANDREW CLARK says, "Very likely" and reminds me of what an "excessively bad sailor" I am. Wish he wouldn't say so in presence of crew.

Mouth of Thames.—BRASSEY says it's "blowing half a gale outside." Then don't let's go outside. BRASSEY says he won't. Anchors off Nore for night. If vessel tosses like this when there's only half a gale and we're in Thames, sincerely hope I shall be preserved from a whole gale in North Sea.

Cabin.—Luxuriously appointed Cabin. Thoughtful of Lady BRASSEY to put handsomely bound copy of *Voyage of "Sunbeam"* on my table. In glancing over it, see the yacht has been to Honolulu. Why not go to Honolulu now? And escape General Election!

Speak to Steersman about it. How the ship does roll! Steersman never heard of Honolulu. ANDREW CLARK says I mustn't speak to the man at the wheel, and takes me away.

ANDREW orders me below—says too much sea-air bad for my voice. They've put him (why on earth did BRASSEY invite him?) in cabin next door to mine. Heard me last night denouncing SALISBURY in my sleep, and came in and woke me up, and told me I should "lose my voice altogether if I went on in that way, and where would Liberal Party be then?" Argument cogent, but unpleasant.

In North Sea.—Wish I were on dry land. How it does pitch! Oh, for an hour of Downing Street now! And to think of the "Stopgaps" enjoying themselves in my vacant place!

CLARK says "must not pursue these thoughts." Must try and "forget politics." Well, then, why not go to Honolulu? BRASSEY says "he doesn't mind." ANDREW very unpleasant—says "he's surprised at my indecision and vacillation"—(reminds me of the Soudan debates)—and "didn't I know when I started that we were bound for coast of Norway?"

Try to soften ANDREW. Take him aside, and ask him, as a personal favour, when we get to Norway, to put me ashore on banks of some desolate Fiord, where I can wander away, and be never heard of more.

ANDREW says I mustn't talk any more, even to him, and shuts me up in my cabin. Hate being shut up by anyone. Very seldom happens.

Second Day Out.—Wish BRASSEY wouldn't always be trying to explain all about "that little slip of the half-million," as he calls it. Tells me it was NORTHBROOK's fault, really, and "it shan't occur again." Says, almost weeping, that he's bought a *Colenso's Arithmetic*, and hopes to be able to add up Admiralty accounts quite nicely by time our voyage ends.

Evening.—Regular hurricane. Wonder if BRASSEY knows how to make a raft? Might do me good to go and ask him. I will.

Find BRASSEY sitting on companion hatchway (not quite sure of term, but sounds nautical), adding up some figures on a slate. Says "he's been having a good cry." Try to cheer him up by telling him a "good cry" is just what is wanted for November Elections. Seems glad to see me, and says "he doesn't think he has quite explained the real way in which that little slip of the half-million happened." Retire hastily to cabin, and look myself in.

In Port, Somewhere in Denmark.—Thank heaven, that's over! Denmark. Forgot to bring a *Hamlet* with me. Hope I shall have a lot of hamlets with me when I get back my voice. Feel more comfortable. Perhaps BRASSEY was right in inviting ANDREW CLARK. Wouldn't have done it myself. Propose to BRASSEY to call on King of DENMARK, and coach him up on facts of Penjdeh Arbitration business. BRASSEY suggests doing it coming back. Says, as it's quite calm now, per-



A CANDID INQUIRER.

"I SAY, JOHN, IS THERE ANYTHING I HAVEN'T TASTED?"
"NO, SIR, I THINK NOT—EXCEPT WATER!"

haps I would like to hear "exact state of the case about that little slip of the half-million?"

Make polite excuse, and hurry off to ANDREW. Propose to him that we should pop up Baltic and meet CZAR in Finland somewhere. ANDREW very cold about it. Says "CZAR won't care two straws about seeing us as, we haven't got TENNYSON on board," and gives me some new medicine to take. Nastier than ever! Yes,—why on earth did BRASSEY ask CLARK here?

Speak to BRASSEY privately. Ask him to put ANDREW in irons for a short time. BRASSEY doesn't like to. What's the good of being a Sea-Lord, if you're afraid of a Doctor? ANDREW says, "Rather be a Se-mon—an able Se-mon—than a Sea-Lord." Must say SEMON did my throat lot of good. ANDREW recommended him. Nice of ANDREW. BRASSEY, recurring to my remark about Sea-Lord, says "he's not a Sea-Lord now," and adds that "he's really afraid I haven't yet quite grasped the principle upon which that little slip—"

Escape to masthead. Spend first happy time on board over perusal of pocket edition of *Gleanings*.

Near Norway.—Much better. Take opportunity (when ANDREW CLARK gone on shore) to sound Ship's-Cook on how he intends voting in November. Says he "hain't made up his mind yet." What will decide him, I ask? He replies, "It's according as his Skipper tells him to vote," and winks. Give him copy of Corrupt Practices Act, and make short address to Sailors generally on duty of voting for Liberals. Steersman comes down to listen, and vessel nearly wrecked. BRASSEY very angry. Soothe him by saying that the error about the half-million "is of no consequence." BRASSEY seems immensely relieved.

ANDREW come on board. "Then comes my fit again!" Tell him I've made a speech to Sailors, and try to make him take humorous view of the matter by calling it a "feat on the fiord." ANDREW threatens to "turn Tory" if I do this sort of thing again, and says he won't be responsible for consequences. Well, he'll have greater freedom if he has less responsibility, I tell him.

After a Week's Cruising.—Feel quite myself again! Hurrah! Asked BRASSEY why Tory Party is like an Irishman who takes farm of evicted tenant? "Because it wants Protection." Riddle poor, but shows I'm better. Wire to CHAMBERLAIN that my "vocal powers quite restored." He wires back that in that case our Party will soon be "restored to power," and "will I give 'em another Midlothian campaign?" Think on the whole that I will.

[And let us hope his health will be equal to it.]

SONG OF A SLOW MOVEMENT.

(By a Suburban Citizen.)



S, waiting for my
'bus, I stand,
About five-thirty,
frequent, fast,
The vehicles whirl
westward, past
The southern kerb-
stone of the
Strand.

In matting-basket
borne, I fetch
Down home, per-
chance, a bit of
fish,
And serve, mean-
while, against my
wish,
Some lively limner
for a sketch.

A 'bus all red and
gold comes on!
Mine likewise
bears those co-
lours bright.
Cab following cab
impedes my
sight—
I fail to read—the
'bus is gone!

'Twixt lazy craw-
lers, and before
The heads of
horses, risking
wreck,

My omnibus ere I can check,
I dash, at hazard, o'er and o'er.
It suits the classes who can pay
Cab-hire, to have—I envy not
The millionnaires their happier
lot—
A cab at elbow all their way.

But let blue ROBERT intervene;
So far as is in fairness meet,
And bid the Crawlers on his
beat
Crawl on with gangways clear
between.

CARDSTEPS JOTTINGS.

De Mortuis.

THE *Cardsteps Chronicle* was very badly in want of a smart Reporter when young STYLE appeared in the little town. Cardsteps is not a town wherein much interest is taken in anything; all England rang with the massacre of Berber before we learnt the news, and when it arrived there were so few of us aware of the locality of Berber, that it faded into nothing before the bellman's announcement of the discovery of a purse on the sands the previous evening.

But even in Cardsteps it was thought that the *Chronicle* was behind the times. GARDEN, who was Editor, Reporter, and Advertising Canvasser, was universally allowed to be brilliant, but eccentric. Strangers might ask in vain for proofs of the former, but as a sign of his eccentricity he could be pointed out sound asleep under alcoholic influence on a bench on the parade six afternoons of the week. On the Sunday he remained in bed all day, exposing himself thereby to the awful penalties of an excommunication, that is if a certain Norfolk Parson were his rector. Then the landlord of the "Gunboat" stopped his credit, alleging that his account had run quite long enough. Unluckily, he took this step on a publishing day, and GARDEN, smarting under his wrongs, and suffering from an unquenchable thirst, denounced the "Gunboat" as the home of smugglers, and spoke of the landlord as being the most dangerous foe the Coast Guard had to contend with.

It was a spirited article, and sent the journal up no less than ten copies, but if it hadn't been for the proprietor promptly ordering three dozen bottles of soda-water, a demand which for a while utterly paralysed the resources of the "Gunboat," an action for libel could not have been avoided.

The climax came when the grocer's daughter was married to a lawyer from London. Everybody put on their best clothes, and attended the ceremony; everybody yearned to see their names in print as having been present at the smartest wedding known for years; and with this aim everybody treated GARDEN with such

liberal cordiality that he felt that night into the hands of an alien policeman, and was ensconced in the look-up, when he should have been at his desk. The paper appeared without a word as to the marriage. Public opinion then unmistakably said that GARDEN must go. He went, and a complimentary banquet was given to him as a fellow-townsmen, and a man of letters. The evening ended with four fights, and to this day the purveyor of the feast does not know whom to sue for the meal.

STYLE drifted into Cardsteps at the very nick of time. The Mayor of the adjacent town of Tugsdom was just dead, and STYLE, in a humble way, had been a personal friend of the deceased official, and was necessarily well qualified to write his obituary. Moreover, his coat was singularly shiny, his linen was particularly frayed; and although his boots were scarcely calculated to keep the water out, it was astonishing, on a wet day, what a quantity they retained.

It was with a light heart that the proprietor left his young recruit to write a two-column article on the late Mayor, and to bring out the current number of the *Cardsteps Chronicle*. He was less cheerful when he read his own paper the next morning. Dubiousness changed to positive certainty, when he encountered his subscribers; and when the Mayor's relatives—the deceased was a wine-and-spirit merchant, in a large way of business, and always good for half a column a week—sent over a letter brimful of rage, withdrawing the firm's advertisement for ever, absolute wrath seized the proprietor, and he sent for his subordinate. STYLE apologetically said that what he had written was entirely from his personal knowledge.

"But you have said that 'to shock his personal vanity it was only necessary to allude to the wart on the left side of his nose.'"

"Perfectly true; it used to make him mad."

"But you oughtn't to have said so. And then you remark 'his ostentatious liberality in public was only equalled by his private niggardliness.'"

"That's also true; he used to pretty nearly starve his family and servants."

"But such things should never be printed. What right have you to state that 'though the ostensible cause of death is given as bronchitis, it is an undoubted fact that it was in the main due to excessive consumption of his own goods'?"

"What right? The doctor told me so himself. It is eighteen months since he said the old fool was drinking himself to death."

"Now, once and for all understand me, or else you'll follow GARDEN. Attack the living as much as you like, when they deserve it, when they don't agree with our views, or don't advertise in our paper. But remember *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*."

STYLE accordingly set to work on the *de mortuis* line, and his eulogy on the village idiot would have been excessively fulsome if applied to a BURNS or a BYRON. And he did not scruple to attack the living. His description of his proprietor's foremost opponent on the Local Board as "a verminiferous black-beetle wriggling on the point of a pin," was considered a masterpiece of delicate humour by all save the gentleman of whom it was written, who, meeting the proprietor of the *Chronicle* at the Railway Station, first knocked his hat over his eyes, and then kicked him down the steps with such vigour that he was in bed for three weeks. During this period STYLE had full control over the paper, and upheld his master's views with such loyal zeal, that on every publication day little crowds used to waylay the doctor, and shake thick sticks with a scornful air when they gathered that his patient would not be yet out and about.

But it was kindness that caused STYLE's downfall. The city which domineered over this part of the country, the City of St. Precincts, had, in addition to one of the noblest cathedrals in England, an elegant and commodious county gaol. Great had been the excitement, even the pulse of Cardsteps had fully throbbled, over a local murder, and when the doer of the deed had been sentenced to be hanged, great was the rivalry, and fierce the competition to obtain a view of the execution. By some means the *Chronicle* got a ticket, and STYLE naturally undertook the task of reporting the scene. His article was really admirable. His description of the gloomy fastness, of the doomed man's walk to the scaffold, of his frightened eyes, of his blanched face, was a model of word-painting.

Aby, too, had STYLE retold the story of the murder; the mad-dened ruffian's beating his wife's head in with the poker, his holding his infant baby on the fire, his cutting his three elder children's throats from ear to ear, and his smothering his aged mother, were all gems of crime-pictures. And then STYLE concluded—"But let us throw no stone at the man who this morning expiated for his crime with his life on the scaffold. Those who knew him best will long miss his hearty genial ways, his honest ringing laugh. An admirable son, a devoted husband, and a loving father has passed away from us. Let us remember his best qualities, and forget his little faults and weaknesses. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*."

That brought the proprietor from his bed, and sent STYLE out of the county. We hear nothing positive of him now at Cardsteps, but it is rumoured that he is either attached to the poetry staff of a great tooth-powder-making firm, or engaged on making the fortune of a London newspaper.



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